

## THE TWENTIETH PLANE

left hand while his right was engaged in inscribing the message. This last form of communication, however, was not pursued.

Thus, as if it had come suddenly out of the blue, heralded by a child of five years, came to me these revelations which I pass on with the hope that, if the war has introduced an undertone of sorrow, these pages may bring the realization that our loved ones are near to us with their sweet influences in the full measure of their own desire and ours; I trust that these communications will bring to bereaved ones the assurance that the new life of our heroes who have gone forth and passed over as the saviours of our race, is one of glorious beauty and unspeakable gladness. Looking to the sunward side of bereavement, our sorrows shall become wonder-workers, transmuting the baser metals of our character into the pure gold of nobility and power.

The war has erased the old judgment lines of civilization. A new era is in its inception even now. We hear the dying thunders of the guns that boomed around the world, but theirs was only the first shock of the impact of the new era. The great conflict has only begun. Those spiritual forces that won the war will not demobilize till the mightier conflict for freedom has cleansed the Augean chambers of life. While the echoes of the war-god's chariot are dying in the distance, I hear the death-gasp of the old dispensation, the last convulsive choking in the throat of selfish conspiracies, secret diplomacies and treacherous compacts.

I hear the footfall of an approaching triumphant democracy, a comprehensive international world confederacy, a pact of nations pledged to hold each other and all others unharmed against autocracy, tyranny and oppression. The pomp of dynasties, the arrogance of proud demagogues, and the insolence of delegated power subsides and melts to the greatness of simplicity in the joy of service to the commonwealth.